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## SELECT TALES.

## Abellino, the Bravo of Venice.

## CHAPTER X.

## The Birth Day.

IN solitude and anxiety, with barred windows and bolted doors, did the banditti pass the day immediately succeeding Matteo's murder! every murmur in the street appeared to them a cause of apprehension; every footstep which approached their doors made them tremble till it had passed them.

In the mean while the ducal palace blazed with splendor, and resounded with mirth. The Doge celebrated the birth day of his fair niece, Rosabella; and the feast was honored by the presence of the chief persons of the city, of the foreign ambassadors, and of many illustrious strangers who were at that time resident in Venice.

On this occasion no expense had been spared, no source of pleasure had been neglected. The arts contended with each other for superiority; the best poets in Venice celebrated this day with powers excelling any thing which they had before exhibited, for the subject of their verses was Rosabella; the musicians and *virtuosi* surpassed all their former triumphs, for their object was to obtain the suffrage of Rosabella. The singular union of all kinds of pleasure intoxicated the imagination of every guest; and the Genius of Delight extended his influence over the whole assembly, over the old man and the youth, over the matron and the virgin.

The venerable Andreas had seldom been seen in such high spirits, as on this occasion—He was all life; smiles of satisfaction played round his lips; gracious and condescending to every one, he made it his chief care to prevent his rank from being felt. Sometimes he trifled with the ladies, whose beauty formed the greatest ornament of this entertainment; sometimes he mingled among the masks, whose fantastic appearance and gaiety of conversation enlivened the ball-room by their variety; at other times he played chess with the generals and admirals of the republic; and frequently he forsook everything to gaze with delight on Rosabella's dancing, or listen in silent rapture to Rosabella's music.

Lomellino, Conari, and Paolo Manfrone, the Doge's three confidential friends and counsellors, in defiance of their gray hairs, mingled first with one, and then with another, and the arrows of railery were darted and

received on both sides with spirit and good humor.

'Now, Lomellino,' said Andreas to his friend, who entered the saloon, in which the Doge was at that time accidentally alone with his niece; 'you seem in gayer spirits this evening than when we were lying before Scardonia, and had so hard a game to play against the Turks.'

Lomellino.—I shall not take upon me to deny that, Signor. I still think with a mixture of terror and satisfaction on the night when we took Scardonia, and carried the half moon before the city walls. By my soul, our Venetians fought like lions.

Andreas.—Fill this goblet to their memory, my old soldier; your have earned your rest bravely.

Lomellino.—Aye, Signor, and oh! it is so sweet to rest on laurels!—But in truth, 'tis to you that I am indebted for mine—it is you who have immortalized me. No soul on earth would have known that Lomellino existed, had he not fought in Dalmatia and Sicily under the banners of the great Andreas, and assisted him in raising eternal trophies in honor of the republic.

Andreas.—My good Lomellino, the Cyprus wine has heated your imagination.

Lomellino.—Nay, I know well I ought not to call you great, and praise you thus openly to your face; but faith, Signor, I am grown too old for it to be worth my while to flatter. That is a business which I leave to our young courtiers, who have never yet come within the smell of powder, and have never fought for Venice and Andreas.

Andreas.—You are an old enthusiast!—Think you the emperor is of the same opinion?

Lomellino.—Unless Charles the Fifth is deceived by those about him, or is too proud to allow the greatness of an enemy, he must say perforce—'There is but one man on earth whom I fear, and who is worthy to contend with me; and that man is Andreas.'

Andreas.—I suspect he will be sorely displeased when he receives my answer to the message by which he notified to me the imprisonment of the French King.

Lomellino.—Displeased he will be, Signor, no doubt of it; but what then? Venice need not fear his displeasure, while Andreas still lives. But when you and your heroes are once gone to your eternal rest—then alas for thee, poor Venice! I fear your golden times will soon come to their conclusion.

Andreas.—What? have we not many young officers of great promise?

Lomellino.—Alas! what are most of them? Heroes in the fields of Venus! Heroes at a

drinking-bout! Effeminate striplings, relaxed both in mind and body!—But how am I running on forgetful—Ah! when one is grown old, and conversing with an Andreas, it is easy to forget every thing else—My Lord, I sought you with a request; a request too of consequence.

Andreas.—You excite my curiosity.

Lomellino.—About a week ago, there arrived here a young Florentine nobleman called Flodoardo, a youth of noble appearance and great promise.

Andreas.—Well?

Lomellino.—His father was one of my dearest friends; he is dead now the good old generous nobleman! In our youth we served together on board the same vessel, and many turbaned head has fallen beneath his sword—Ah! he was a brave soldier.

Andreas.—While celebrating the father's bravery, you seem to have quite forgotten the son.

Lomellino.—His son is arrived in Venice, and wishes to enter into the service of the republic. I entreat you give the young man some respectable situation; he will prove the boast of Venice, when we shall be in our graves; on that would I hazard my existence!

Andreas.—Has he sense and talent?

Lomellino.—That he has, and an heart like his father's—Will it please you to see and converse with him? He is yonder among the masks in the great saloon. One thing I must tell you as a specimen of his designs: He has heard of the banditti who infest Venice; and he engages, that the first piece of work which he renders the republic shall be the delivering into the hands of justice these concealed assassins, who hitherto have eluded the vigilance of our police.

Andreas.—Indeed? I doubt that promise will be too much for his power to perform—Flodoardo, I think you called him? Tell him I would speak with him.

Lomellino.—Oh! then I have gained at least half of my cause, and I believe the whole of it; for to see Flodoardo, and not to like him, is as difficult as to look at paradise and not wish to enter. To see Flodoardo, and to hate him, is as unlikely, as that a blind man should hate the kind hand which removes the cataract from his eyes, and pours upon them the blessings of light and beauties of nature.

Andreas.—(smiling)—In the whole course of our acquaintance, Lomellino, never did I hear you so enthusiastic!—Go then; conduct this prodigy hither.

Lomellino.—I hasten to find him—And as for you, Signoria, look to yourself! look to yourself, I say!

*Rosabella.*—Nay, prithee Lomellino, bring your hero hither without delay; you have raised my curiosity to the height.

*Lomellino* quitted the Saloon:

*Andreas.*—How comes it that you rejoice not the dancers, my child?

*Rosabella.*—I am weary, and besides curiosity now detains me here, for I would fain see this Flodoardo, whom Lomellino thinks deserving of such extraordinary praise.—Shall I tell you the truth, my dear uncle? I verily believe that I am already acquainted with him. There was a mask, in a Grecian habit, whose appearance was so striking, that it was impossible for him to remain confounded with the crowd: the least attentive eye must have singled him out from among a thousand. It was a tall light figure, so graceful in every movement—then his dancing was quite perfection!

*Andreas.*—(smiling, and threatening with his finger)—Child! child!

*Rosabella.*—Nay, my dear uncle, what I say is mere justice: it is possible indeed, that the Greek and Florentine may be two different persons; but still, according to Lomellino's description—Oh! look dear uncle, only look yonder! there stands the Greek as I live.

*Andreas.*—And Lomellino is with him—they approach—Rosabella you have made a good guess.

The Doge had scarcely ceased to speak, when Lomellino entered the room, conducting a tall young man, richly habited in the Grecian fashion.

'My gracious Lord,' said Lomellino, I present to you the count Flodoardo, who humbly sues for your protection.

Flodoardo uncovered his head in token of respect, took off his mask, and bowed low before the illustrious ruler of Venice.

*Andreas.*—I understand you are desirous of serving the republic?

*Flodoardo.*—That is my ambition, should your Highness think me deserving of such an honor.

*Andreas.*—Lomellino speaks highly of you; if all that he says be true, how came you to deprive your own country of your services?

*Flodoardo.*—Because my own country is not governed by an Andreas.

*Andreas.*—You have intentions, it seems, of discovering the haunts of the banditti, who for some time past have caused so many tears to flow in Venice?

*Flodoardo.*—If your highness would deign to confide in me, I would answer with my head for their delivery into the hands of your officers, and that speedily.

*Andreas.*—That were much for a stranger to perform—I would fain make the trial whether you can keep your word.

*Flodoardo.*—That is sufficient—To-morrow, or the day after, at latest, will I perform my promise.

*Andreas.*—And you make that promise so resolutely? Are you aware, young man, how dangerous a task it is to surprise these miscreants? They are never to be found when sought for, and always present when least expected; they are at once every where, and no where; there exists not a nook in all Venice which our spies are not acquainted with, or have left unexamined, and yet has our police endeavored in vain to discover the place of their concealment.

*Flodoardo.*—I know all this, and to know it rejoices me, since it affords me an opportunity

of convincing the Doge of Venice, that my actions are not those of a common adventurer.

*Andreas.*—Perform your promise, and then let me hear of you. For the present our discourse shall end here, for no unpleasant thoughts must disturb the joy to which this day is dedicated. Rosabella would you not like to join the dancers?—Count I confide her to your care.

*Flodoardo.*—I could not be entrusted with a more precious charge.

Rosabella, during this conversation, had been leaning against the back of her uncle's chair; she repeated to herself Lomellino's assertion, 'that to see Flodoardo, and not to like him, was as difficult as to look at Paradise and not wish to enter;' and while she gazed on the youth, she allowed that Lomellino had not exaggerated. When her uncle desired Flodoardo to conduct her to the dancers, a soft blush overspread her cheeks, and she doubted whether she should accept or decline the hand which was immediately offered.

And to tell you my real opinion, my fair ladies, I suspect that very few of you would have been more collected than Rosabella, had you found yourselves similarly situated. In truth such a form as Flodoardo's; a countenance whose physiognomy seemed a passport at once to the heart of all who examined it; features so exquisitely fashioned that the artist who wished to execute a model of manly beauty, had he imitated them, would have had nothing to supply or improve; features, every one of which spoke so clearly—the bosom of this youth contains the heart of an hero:—ah! ladies, my dear ladies, a man like this might well make some little confusion in the hand and heart of a poor young girl, tender and unsuspicious!

Flodoardo took Rosabella's hand, and led her into the ball-room. Here all was mirth and splendor; the roof re-echoed with the full swell of harmony, and the floor trembled beneath the multitude of dancers, who formed a thousand beautiful groups by the blaze of innumerable lustres—Yet Flodoardo and Rosabella passed on in silence, till they reached the extreme end of the great saloon. Here they stopped, and remained before an open window. Some minutes passed, and still they spoke not. Sometimes they gazed on each other, sometimes on the dancers, sometimes on the moon; and then again they forgot each other, the dancers, and the moon, and were totally absorbed in themselves.

'Lady,' said Flodoardo at length 'can there be a greater misfortune?'

'A misfortune!' said Rosabella, starting, as if suddenly awaking from a dream; 'what misfortune, Signor? who is unfortunate?'

'He who is doomed to behold the joys of Elysium, and never to possess them: he who dies of thirst, and sees a cup stand full before him, but which he knows is destined for the lips of another!'

'And are you, my lord, this out-cast from Elysium? are you the thirsty one who stands near the cup which is filled for another? is it thus that you wish me to understand your speech?'

'You understand it as I meant; and now tell me, lovely Rosabella, am I not indeed unfortunate?'

'And where then is the Elysium which you never must possess?'

'Where Rosabella is, there is Elysium.'

Rosabella blushed and cast her eyes on the ground.

'You are not offended, Signora?' said Flodoardo, and took her hand with an air of respectful tenderness; 'has this openness displeased you?'

'You are a native of Florence, Count Flodoardo? In Venice we dislike these kind of compliments; at least I dislike them, and wish to hear them from no person less than from you.'

'By my life Signora, I spoke but as I thought; my words concealed no flattery.'

'See! the Doge enters the saloon with Manfrone and Lomellino; he will seek us among the dancers. Come, let us join them.'

Flodoardo followed her in silence. The dance began. Heavens! how lovely looked Rosabella as she glided along to the sweet sounds of music, conducted by Flodoardo! How handsome looked Flodoardo, as lighter than air he flew down the dance, while his brilliant eyes saw no object but Rosabella! He was still without his mask, and bare headed; but every eye glanced away from the helmets and *barettes*, waving with plumes and sparkling with jewels, to gaze on Flodoardo's raven locks, as they floated on the air in wild luxuriance. A murmur of admiration rose from every corner of the saloon, but it rose unmarked by those who were the objects of it; neither Rosabella nor Flodoardo at that moment formed a wish to be applauded, except by each other.

#### CHAPTER XI.

##### The Florentine Stranger.

Two evenings had elapsed since the Doge's entertainment; on the second Parozzi, sat in his own apartment with Memmo and Faleri. Dimly burnt the lights: lowering and tempestuous were the skies without; gloomy and fearful were the souls of the libertines within.

*Parozzi.*—(after a long silence)—what? are you both dreaming? ho there! Memmo, Faleri, fill your goblets.

*Memmo.*—(with indifference)—Well! to please you. But I care not for wine to-night.

*Faleri.*—Nor I. Methinks it tastes like vinegar. Yet the wine itself is good; 'tis our ill-temper spoils it.

*Parozzi.*—Confound the rascals.

*Memmo.*—What? the banditti?

*Parozzi.*—Not a trace of them can be found! it is enough to kill one with vexation.

*Faleri.*—And in the meanwhile the time runs out, our projects will get wind, and then we shall sit quietly in the state prison of Venice, objects of derision to the populace and ourselves! I could tear my flesh for anger! (An universal silence.)

*Parozzi.*—(Striking his head against the table passionately)—Flodoardo! Flodoardo.

*Faleri.*—In a couple of hours I must attend the Cardinal Gonzaga! and what intelligence shall I have to give him?

*Memmo.*—Come, come! Contarino cannot have been absent so long without cause; I warrant you he will bring some news with him when he arrives.

*Faleri.*—Psha! psha! my life on't he lies at this moment at Olympias's feet, and forgets us, the republic, the banditti, and himself.

*Parozzi.*—And so neither of you know any thing of this Flodoardo?

*Memmo.*—No more than of what happened on Rosabella's birth-day.

*Faleri.*—Well, then, I know one thing more about him; Parozzi is jealous of him.

*Parozzi.*—I? ridiculous! Rosabella may



bestow her hand on the German Emperor, or a Venetian Gondoleer, without its giving me the least anxiety.

*Falieri.*—Ha! ha! ha!

*Memmo.*—Well, one thing at least even envy must confess; Flodoardo is the handsomest man in Venice. I doubt whether there's a woman in the city who has virtue enough to resist him.

*Parozzi.*—And I should doubt it too if women had as little sense as you have, and looked only at the shell, without minding the kernel.

*Memmo.*—Which, unluckily, is exactly the thing which women always do.

*Falieri.*—The old Lomellino seems to be extremely intimate with this Flodoardo; they say he was well acquainted with his father.

*Memmo.*—It was he who presented him to the Doge.

*Parozzi.*—Hark! surely some one knocked at the palace door?

*Memmo.*—It can be none but Contarino. Now then we shall hear whether he has discovered the banditti.

*Falieri.*—(Starting from his chair)—I'll swear to that footstep! it's Contarino.

The doors were thrown open; Contarino entered hastily, enveloped in his cloak.

'Good evening, sweet gentlemen!' said he, and threw his mantle aside. And Memmo, Parozzi, and Falieri started back in horror.

'Good God!' they exclaimed, 'what has happened? you are covered with blood?'

'A trifle!' cried Contarino; 'is that wine? quick! give me a goblet of it! I expire with thirst.'

*Falieri.*—(while he gives him a cup.) But, Contarino! you bleed?

*Contarino.*—You need not tell me that. I did not do it myself, I promise you.

*Parozzi.*—First let us bind up your wounds, and then tell us what has happened to you.—It is as well that the servants should remain ignorant of your adventure; I will be your surgeon myself.

*Contarino.*—What has happened to me, say you? Oh! a joke, gentlemen! a mere joke! here, Falieri, fill the bowl again.

*Memmo.*—I can scarcely breathe for terror.

*Contarino.*—Very possible; neither should I, were I Memmo, instead of being Contarino, the wound bleeds plentifully it's true, but it's by no means dangerous. (He tore open his doublet, and uncovered his bosom.) There look, comrades! you see it's only a cut of not more than two inches deep.

*Memmo.*—(Shuddering.) Mercy on me! the very sight of it makes my blood run cold.

Parozzi brought ointments and linen, and bound up the wound of his associate.

*Contarino.*—Old Horace is in the right; a philosopher can be any thing he pleases, a cobbler, a king, or a physician. Only observe with what dignified address the philosopher Parozzi spreads that plaster for me! I thank you, friend; that's enough. And now, comrades, place yourselves in a circle round me, and listen to the wonders which I am going to relate.

*Falieri.*—Proceed.

*Contarino.*—As soon as it was twilight I stole, wrapped in my cloak, determined if possible to discover some of the banditti: I knew not their persons, neither were they acquainted with mine. An extravagant undertaking, perhaps you will tell me; but I was resolved to convince you that every thing which a man determines to do, may be done.

I had some information respecting the rascals, though it was but slight, and on these grounds I proceeded. I happened by mere accident to stumble upon a gondoleer, whose appearance excited my curiosity. I fell into discourse with him; I soon was convinced that he was not ignorant of the lurking place of the Bravos, and by means of some gold and many fair speeches, I at length brought him to confess, that though not regularly belonging to the band, he had occasionally been employed by them. I immediately made a bargain with him; he conducted me in his gondola through the greatest part of Venice, sometimes right, sometimes left, till I lost every idea as to the quarter of the town in which I found myself. At length he insisted on binding my eyes with his handkerchief, and I was compelled to submit to this condition. Half an hour elapsed before the gondola stopped; he told me to descend—conducted me through a couple of streets and at length knocked at a door, where he left me still blindfolded. The door was opened; my business was inquired with great caution, and after some demur I was at length admitted. The handkerchief was now withdrawn from my eyes, and I found myself in a small chamber, surrounded by four men of not the most creditable appearance, and a young woman who it seems, had opened the door for me.

*Falieri.*—You are a daring fellow, Contarino!

*Contarino.*—Here was no time to be lost. I instantly threw my purse on the table, promised them mountains of gold, and fixed on particular days, hours and signals, which were necessary to facilitate our future intercourse. For the present I only required that Manfrone, Conari, and Lomellino should be removed with all possible expedition.

*All.*—Bravo!

*Contarino.*—So far every thing went exactly as we could have wished; and one of my new associates was just setting out to guide me home, when we were surprised by an unexpected visit.

*Parozzi.*—Well?

*Memmo.*—(anxiously)—Go on for God's sake!

*Contarino.*—A knocking was heard at the door; the girl went to inquire the cause; in an instant she returned pale as a corpse, and—'Fly! fly!' cried she.

*Falieri.*—What followed?

*Contarino.*—Why then followed a whole legion of sbirri and police-officers; and who should be at their head but—the Florentine stranger!

*All.*—Flodoardo? what, Flodoardo?

*Contarino.*—Flodoardo.

*Falieri.*—What demon could have guided him thither!

*Parozzi.*—Hell and furies! Oh! that I had been there!

*Memmo.*—There now Parozzi! you see at least that Flodoardo is no coward.

*Falieri.*—Hush let us hear the rest.

*Contarino.*—We stood, as if we had been petrified; not a soul could move a finger.

In the name of the Doge and the republic, cried Flodoardo, 'yield yourselves, and deliver your arms.' 'The devil shall yield himself sooner than we!' exclaimed one of the banditti, and forced a sword from one of the officers; the others snatched muskets from the walls; and as for me, my first care was to extinguish the lamp, so that we could

not tell friends from foes—But still the confounded moonshine gleamed through the window-shutters and shed a partial light through the room. 'Look to yourself Contarino!' thought I; 'If you are found here, you will be hanged for company!' and I drew my sword, and made a lunge at Flodoardo—But, however well intended, my thrust was foiled by his sabre, which he whirled around with the rapidity of lightning. I fought like a madman, but all my skill was without effect on this occasion, and before I was aware of it, Flodoardo ripped open my bosom. I found myself wounded, and sprang back; at that moment two pistols were fired, and the flash discovered to me a small side door which they had neglected to beset; through this I stole unperceived into the adjoining chamber, burst open the grated window, sprang below unhurt, crossed a court yard, climbed two or three garden walls, gained the canal, where a gondola fortunately was waiting, persuaded the boatman to convey me with all speed to the place of St. Mark, and thence hastened hither, astonished to find myself alive. There is an infernal adventure for you!

*Parozzi.*—I shall go mad!

*Falieri.*—Every thing we design is counteracted! the more trouble we give ourselves, the further we are from the goal!

*Memmo.*—I confess it seems to me as if Heaven gave us warning to desist—How say you?

*Contarino.*—Psha! these are trifles!—Such accidents should only serve to sharpen our wits!—the more obstacles I encounter, the firmer is my resolution to surmount them.

*Falieri.*—Do the banditti know who you are?

*Contarino.*—No; they are not only ignorant of my name, but suppose me to be a mere instrument of some powerful man, who has been injured by the ducal confederates.

*Memmo.*—Well, Contarino, in my mind you should thank Heaven that you have escaped so well!

*Falieri.*—But since he is an absolute stranger in Venice, how could Flodoardo discover the lurking-place of the banditti?

*Contarino.*—I know not—Probably by mere accident like myself. But by the Power that made me, he shall pay dearly for this wound!

*Falieri.*—Flodoardo is rather too hasty in making himself remarked.

*Parozzi.*—Flodoardo must die!

*Contarino.*—(filling a goblet)—May his next cup contain poison!

*Falieri.*—I shall do myself the honor of becoming better acquainted with the gentleman.

*Contarino.*—Memmo, we must needs have full purses, or our business will hang on hand woefully. When does your uncle take his departure to a better world?

*Memmo.*—To-morrow evening!—and yet—Ugh! I tremble!

#### CHAPTER XII.

#### More Confusion.

SINCE Rosabella's birth-day, no woman in Venice who had the slightest pretensions to beauty, or the most remote expectations in making conquests, had any subject of conversation except the handsome Florentine; he found employment for every female tongue, and she who dared not employ her tongue,

made amends for the privation with her thoughts. Many a maiden now enjoyed less tranquil slumbers; many an experienced coquette sighed, as she laid on color at the looking glass; many a prude forgot the rules which she had imposed upon herself, and daily frequented the gardens and public walks, in which report gave her the hope of meeting Flodoardo.

But from the time that, placing himself at the head of the sbirri, he had dared to enter boldly the den of the banditti, and seize them at the hazard of his life, he was scarcely more an object of attention among the women than among the men. Greatly did they admire his courage and unshaken presence of mind, while engaged in so dangerous an adventure; but still more were they astonished at his penetration in discovering where the Bravos concealed themselves, an attempt which had foiled even the keen wits of the so much celebrated police of Venice.

The Doge Andreas cultivated the acquaintance of this singular young man with increasing assiduity;—and the more he conversed with him, the more deserving of consideration did Flodoardo appear. The action by which he had rendered the republic a service so essential, was rewarded by a present that would not have disgraced imperial gratitude; and one of the most important offices in the state was confided to his superintendence.

Both favors were conferred unsolicited; but no sooner was the Florentine apprised of the Doge's benevolent care of him, than with modesty and respect he requested to decline the proposed advantages. The only favor which he requested was, to be permitted to live free and independent in Venice during a year, at the end of which time he promised to name that employment which he esteemed the best adapted to his abilities and inclination.

Flodoardo was lodged in the magnificent palace of his good old patron Lomellino: here he lived in the closest retirement, studied the most valuable parts of ancient and modern literature, remained for whole days together in his own apartment, and was seldom to be seen in public except upon some great solemnity.

But the Doge, Lomellino, Manfrone, and Conari, men who had established the fame of Venice on so firm a basis that it would require centuries to undermine it; men, in whose society one seemed to be withdrawn from the circle of ordinary mortals, and honored by the intercourse of superior beings;—men who now graciously received the Florentine stranger into their intimacy, and resolved to spare no pains in forming him to support the character of a great man; it could not long escape the observation of men like these, that Flodoardo's gaiety was assumed, and that a secret sorrow preyed upon his heart.

In vain did Lomellino, who loved him like a father, endeavor to discover the source of his melancholy; in vain did the venerable Doge exert himself to disperse the gloom which oppressed his young favorite; Flodoardo remained silent and sad.

And Rosabella—Rosabella would have believed her sex, had she remained gay while Flodoardo sorrowed. Her spirits were flown; her eyes were frequently obscured with tears. She grew daily paler; till the Doge, who doated on her, was seriously alarmed for her health—at length Rosabella grew really ill; a fever fixed itself upon her; she became

weak, and was confined to her chamber, and her complaint baffled the skill of the most experienced physicians in Venice.

In the midst of these unpleasant circumstances in which Andreas and his friends now found themselves, an accident occurred one morning, which raised their uneasiness to the very highest pitch. Never had so bold and audacious an action been heard of in Venice, as that which I am now going to relate.

The four banditti whom Flodoardo had seized, Pietrino, Struzza, Baluzzo, and Thomaso, had been safely committed to the Doge's dungeons, where they underwent a daily examination, and looked upon every sun that rose, as the last that would ever rise for them. Andreas and his confidential councillors now flattered themselves that the public tranquillity had nothing more to apprehend, and that Venice was completely purified of the miscreants, whom gold could bribe to be the instruments of revenge and cruelty when all at once the following address was discovered affixed to most of the remarkable statues, and pasted against the corners of the principal streets, and pillars of the public buildings.

#### VENETIANS!

Struzza, Thomaso, Pietrino, Baluzzo, and Matteo, five as brave men as the world ever produced; who, had they stood at the head of armies, would have been called *heroes*, and now being called *banditti*, are fallen victims to the justice of state-policy; these men, it is true, exist for you no longer: but their place is supplied by him, whose name is affixed to this paper, and who will stand by his employers with body and with soul! I laugh at the vigilance of the Venetian police; I laugh at the crafty and insolent Florentine, whose hand has dragged my brethren to the rack! Let those who need me, seek me; they will find me every where! Let those who search for me with the design of delivering me up to the law despair and tremble; they will find me no where—But I shall find them, and that when they least expect me!—Venetians, you understand me!—Woe to the man who shall attempt to discover me; his life and death depend upon my pleasure. This comes from the Venetian Bravo,

ABELLINO.

'An hundred sequins,' exclaimed the incensed Doge on reading the paper; 'an hundred sequins to him who discovers this monster Abellino, and a thousand to him who delivers him up to justice!'

But in vain did spies ransack every lurking-place in Venice; no Abellino was to be found. In vain did the luxurious, the avaricious, and the hungry stretch their wits to the utmost, incited by the tempting promise of a thousand sequins. Abellino's prudence set all their ingenuity at defiance.

But not the less did every one assert that he had recognized Abellino sometimes in one disguise, and sometimes in another; as an old man, a gondolier, a woman, or a monk. Every body had seen him somewhere; but unluckily nobody could tell where he was to be seen again.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

The Violet.

I INFORMED my readers in the beginning of the last chapter, that Flodoardo was become melancholy, and that Rosabella was indis-

posed: but I did not tell them what had occasioned this sudden change.

Flodoardo, who on his first arrival at Venice was all gaiety, and the life of every society in which he mingled, lost his spirits on one particular day; and it so happened, that it was on the very same day that Rosabella betrayed the first symptoms of indisposition.

For on this unlucky day did the caprice of accident, or perhaps the Goddess of Love (who has her caprices too every now and then) conduct Rosabella into her uncle's garden, which none but the Doge's intimate friends were permitted to enter, and where the Doge himself frequently reposed in solitude and silence during the evening hours of a sultry day.

Rosabella, lost in thought, wandered listless and unconscious along the broad and shady alleys of the garden. Sometimes in a moment of vexation, she plucked the unoffending leaves from the hedges, and strewed them upon the ground; sometimes she stopped suddenly, then rushed forward with impetuosity, then again stood still, and gazed upon the clear blue heaven. Sometimes her beautiful bosom was heaved with quick and irregular motion: and sometimes an half suppressed sigh escaped from her lips of coral.

'He is very handsome!' she murmured, and gazed with such eagerness on vacancy, as she had seen there something which was hidden from the sight of common observers.

'Yet Camilla was in the right,' she resumed after a pause; and she frowned as she had said Camilla was in the wrong.

This Camilla was her governess, her friend, her confidant, I may almost say her mother. Rosabella had lost her parents early: her mother died when her child could scarcely lisp her name; and her father, Guiscardo of Corfu, the commander of a Venetian vessel, eight years before had perished in an engagement with the Turks, while he was still in the prime of life. Camilla, one of the worthiest creatures that ever dignified the name of woman, supplied to Rosabella the place of mother, had brought her up from infancy, and was now her best friend, and the person to whose ear she confided all her little secrets.

While Rosabella was still buried in her own reflections, the excellent Camilla advanced from a side path, and hastened to join her pupil. Rosabella started.

Rosabella.—Ah! dear Camilla is it you? What brings you hither?

Camilla.—You often call me your guardian angel, and guardian angels should always be near the object of their care.

Rosabella.—Camilla, I have been thinking over your arguments; I cannot deny that all you have said to me is very true, and very wise; but still—

Camilla.—But still though your prudence agrees with me your heart is of a contrary opinion?

Rosabella.—It is indeed.

Camilla.—Nor do I blame your heart for differing from me, my poor girl! I have acknowledged to you without disguise, that were I at your time of life, and were such a man as Flodoardo to throw himself in my way, I could not receive his attentions with indifference. It cannot be denied, that this young stranger is uncommonly pleasing, and indeed for any woman whose heart is disengaged, an uncommonly dangerous companion. There is something very prepossessing in his



appearance; his manners are elegant, and short as has been his abode in Venice, it is already past doubting that there are many noble and striking features in his character—But, alas! after all, he is but a poor nobleman, and it is not very probable that the rich and powerful Doge of Venice will ever bestow his niece on one, who, to speak plainly, arrived here little better than a beggar. No, no, child, believe me; a romantic adventurer is no fit husband for Rosabella of Corfu.

*Rosabella.*—Dear Camilla, who was talking about husbands? What I feel for Flodoardo is merely affection, friendship—

*Camilla.*—Indeed? Then you would be perfectly satisfied, should some one of our wealthy ladies bestow her hand on Flodoardo?

*Rosabella.*—(hastily)—Oh! Flodoardo would not *accept* her hand, Camilla; of that I am sure.

*Camilla.*—Child! child! you would willingly deceive yourself. But be assured, that a girl who loves, ever connects (perhaps unconsciously) the wish for an eternal union with the idea of an eternal affection. Now this is a wish which you cannot indulge in regard to Flodoardo, without seriously offending your uncle, who, good man as he is, must still submit to the severe control of politics and etiquette.

*Rosabella.*—I know all that, Camilla; but can I not make you comprehend that I am not in love with Flodoardo, and do not mean to be in love with him, and that love has nothing at all to do in the business? I repeat to you, what I feel for him is nothing but sincere and fervent friendship; and surely Flodoardo deserves that I should feel that sentiment for him—Deserve it, said I? Oh! what does Flodoardo *not* deserve!

*Camilla.*—Aye! aye! friendship indeed—and love—Oh! Rosabella, you know not how often these deceivers borrow each others mask to ensnare the hearts of unsuspecting maidens! you know not how often love finds admission when wrapped in friendship's cloak, into that bosom, which had he approached under his own appearance, would have been closed against him for ever!—In short, my child, reflect how much you owe to your uncle; reflect how much uneasiness this inclination would cost him, and sacrifice to duty what at present is a mere caprice, but which if encouraged, might make too deep an impression on your heart to be afterwards removed by your best efforts.

*Rosabella.*—You say right, Camilla; I really believe myself that my prepossession in Flodoardo's favor is merely an accidental fancy, of which I shall easily get the better. No, no; I am not in love with Flodoardo, of that you may rest assured; I even think that I rather feel an antipathy towards him, since you have shewn me the possibility of his making me prove a cause of uneasiness to my kind, my excellent uncle.

*Camilla.*—(smiling)—Are your sentiments of duty and gratitude so *very* strong?

*Rosabella.*—Oh! that they are, Camilla, and so you will say yourself hereafter—This disagreeable Flodoardo—to give me so much vexation!—I wish he had never come to Venice! I declare I do not like him at all!

*Camilla.*—No?—What? Not like Flodoardo?

*Rosabella.*—(casting down her eyes)—No; not at all—not that I wish him ill either; for you know, Camilla, there's no reason why I should *hate* this poor Flodoardo?

*Camilla.*—Well we will resume this subject when I return; I have business, and the gondola waits for me—Farewell my child, and do not lay aside your resolution as hastily as you took it up!

Camilla departed; and Rosabella remained melancholy and uncertain; she built castles in the air, and destroyed them as soon as built; she formed wishes and condemned herself for having formed them; she looked round her frequently in search of something, but dared not confess to herself what it was of which she was in search.

The evening was sultry, and Rosabella was compelled to shelter herself from the sun's overpowering heat. In the garden was a small fountain, bordered by a bank of moss, over which the magic hands of art and nature had formed a canopy of ivy and jessamine. Thither she bent her steps; she arrived at the fountain—and instantly drew back, covered with blushes—For on the bank of moss, shaded by the protecting canopy, whose waving blossoms were reflected on the fountain, Flodoardo was seated, and fixed his eyes on a roll of parchment.

Rosabella hesitated whether she should retire or stay. Flodoardo started from his place apparently in no less confusion than herself, and relieved her from her indecision, by taking her hand with respect and conducting her to the seat which he had just quitted.

Now then she could not possibly retire immediately, unless she meant to violate every common principle of good breeding.

Her hand was still clasped in Flodoardo's—But it was so natural for him to take it, that she could not blame him for having done so. But what was she next to do?—Draw her hand away?—Why should she, since he did her hand no harm by keeping it, and the keeping it seemed to make him so happy? And how could the gentle Rosabella resolve to commit an act of such unheard of cruelty, as willfully to deprive any one of a pleasure which made him so happy, and which did herself no harm?

'Signoria,'—said Flodoardo, merely for the sake of saying something, 'you do well to enjoy the open air; the evening is beautiful.'

'But I interrupt your studies, my lord?' said Rosabella.

'By no means,' answered Flodoardo; and there this interesting conversation came to a full stop. Both looked down; both examined the heaven and the earth, the trees and the flowers, in the hopes of finding some hints for renewing the conversation;—but the more anxiously they sought them the more difficult did it seem to find what they sought: and in this painful embarrassment did two whole precious minutes elapse!

'Ah! what a beautiful flower!' suddenly cried Rosabella, in order to break the silence; then stooped and plucked a violet with an appearance of the greatest eagerness; though in fact nothing at that moment could have been more a matter of indifference.

'It is a very beautiful flower, indeed!' gravely observed Flodoardo, and was out of all patience with himself for having made so flat a speech.

'Nothing can surpass this purple!' continued Rosabella; 'red and blue so happily blended that no painter could produce so perfect a union!'

'Red and blue? the one the symbol of happiness, the other of affection—Ah! Rosabella how enviable will be that man's lot on

whom your hand should bestow such a flower!—Happiness and affection are more inseparably united than the red and blue which purple that violet!'

'You seem to attach a value to the flower of which it is but little deserving.'

'Might I but know on whom Rosabella will one day bestow what the flower expresses—Yet this is a subject which I have no right to discuss—I know not what has happened to me to day; I make nothing but blunders and mistakes—Forgive my presumption, Lady; I will hazard such forward inquiries no more.'

He was silent: Rosabella was silent also. All was calm and hushed, except in the hearts of the lovers.

But though they could forbid their lips to betray their hidden affection; though Rosabella's tongue said not—'thou art he, Flodoardo, on whom this flower should be bestowed;'—though Flodoardo's words had not expressed—'Rosabella give me that violet, and that which it implies;'—Oh! their eyes were far from being silent. Those treacherous interpreters of secret feelings acknowledged more to each other than their hearts had yet acknowledged to themselves!

Flodoardo and Rosabella gazed on each other with looks which made all speech unnecessary. Sweet, tender, and enthusiastic was the smile which played round Rosabella's lips, when her eyes met those of the youth whom she had selected from the rest of mankind; and with mingled emotions of hope and fear did the youth study the meaning of that smile—He understood it, and his heart beat lighter.

Rosabella trembled; her eyes could no longer sustain the fire of his glances, and a modest blush overspread her face and bosom.

'Rosabella!' at length murmured Flodoardo, unconsciously—'Flodoardo?' sighed Rosabella in the same tone.

'Give me that violet!' he exclaimed eagerly; then sank at her feet, and in a tone of the most humble supplication repeated—'Oh! give it to me!'

Rosabella held the flower fast.

'Ask for it what thou wilt; if a throne can purchase it, I will pay that price or perish!—Rosabella, give me that flower.'

She stole one look at the handsome suppliant, and dared not hazard a second.

'My repose, my happiness, my life, nay, even my glory all depend on the possession of that little flower! Let *that* be mine, and here I solemnly renounce all else which the world calls precious!'

The flower trembled in her snowy hands; her fingers clasped it less firmly.

'You hear me, Rosabella? I kneel at your feet, and am I then in vain a beggar?'

The word *beggar* recalled to her memory Camilla and her prudent counsels—'What am I doing?' she said to herself; 'have I forgotten my promise—my resolution—Fly, Rosabella, fly, or this hour make you faithless to yourself and duty!'

She tore the flower to pieces, and threw it contemptuously on the ground.

'I understand you, Flodoardo,' said she; 'and having understood you, will never suffer this subject to be renewed. Here let us part, and let me not again be offended by a similar presumption—Farewell!'

She turned from him with disdain, and left Flodoardo rooted to his place with sorrow and astonishment.

[To be Continued.]

## COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

**The Harp of the Mind.**

THE cultivated human mind is much like a beautiful instrument curiously strung with a pleasing variety of chords; the principal of which are knowledge, faith, hope and charity—when these are all in sweet tune with each other, let goodness of thought and action, with skillful hand, softly touch with lively fingers the thrilling strings, and it wakes up the purest tones of heavenly music in the heart.

Yet this same mysteriously, and beautifully organized instrument, the *mind*; which, with virtuous care, the Wise Builder has made susceptible of the sweetest music and purest pleasures, is likewise capable of giving the harshest and most grating sounds, and of feeling the most acute distress from the rude stroke of wickedness. It is sin that throws the mind into such painful discords—it is the evil passions which break the tender strings, and slacken the finer emotions of the heart—it is vice that deadens the lively and sweet vibrations of the soul—it is a long course of wickedness that bursts string after string, until the heart is left without a single chord, on which the music of peace and bliss can be made.

See you that beautiful Harp, curiously wrought, finely strung, and harmoniously tuned? What sweet enchanting tones once breathed from it—but see again—'tis broken—its elegance and beauty are defaced—its tuneful strings are snapped asunder—it is a mere wreck—for a rude savage found it and tore it to pieces.

O! *this* is an emblem of that cultivated mind, where pure principles and beautiful sentiments once reigned—which was once the seat of all the noble and heaven-born graces—but on which the blighting power of sin has stamped its *odious image*.

The mind is a more delicate instrument than any which can be wrought from wood, brass, or silver. It is worthy of more constant care than lute or harp. See how careful, how choice, how *very choice* the skillful musician is of his favorite instrument. O, youth! how much more choice and careful ought you to be of the harp of the soul. To keep that from the rude hand of sin is of moment to you. To keep that in sweet and peaceful tune, is of infinite importance.

Then listen to the voice of Wisdom—'Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of Life'—keep thy heart in tune, let the chords of thy soul, *knowledge*, faith, hope and charity, be kept in harmony, and yours will be the sweetest music of bliss in life, and the purest and sublimest joy and peace at its close.

J. H. W.

## TRAVELING SKETCHES.

**Gypsies.**

I OBSERVED in a late number of the National Gazette, an interesting article on gypsies. The writer says 'there are none in America.' With a small exception he may be correct. I have often during the last fifteen years heard of, and for the last three years seen, numbers of a gang of gypsies, occupying a spot of waste land about four miles northwest of Kinderhook, called De Bruyn's Patent.

They are denominated Yansers, by our Dutch inhabitants; probably from their family or Patriarchal name Jansen. They have the features, complexion, and habits, characteristic of the Gypsies of writers. Our Tribe, it is conjectured, emanated from a larger establishment of them at Schoharie, with whom they maintain an intercourse, and inquire after the Seniors whenever opportunity presents.

There is yet another tribe at or near Schenectady called Yansers, although their patriarchal name is Keyser. A gentleman appointed years ago, to some town-office there, states that he found a charge of £4 10s. for *whippen Yansers*; the amount being small was allowed; a similar charge being brought the next year, he asked what in the name of goodness it meant? behold, it was for chastising Gypsies whenever occasion presented, which was done with impunity and some profit. I have not heard that the inhabitants of Kinderhook have ever made charges, but they certainly use similar correction on male or female, without law (I know not if without mercy) for supposed transgressions. They stand well with grocers and shop-keepers, with whom they barter their wares; but not so with the prudent guardians of youth.

It is due to the inhabitants of the village to state, that years ago the small pox invaded the huts and caves of their settlement; the best medical aid and provisions were furnished to them, the latter being delivered on a boundary line, which they were enjoined not to pass.

Although the annals of our country do not extend back to the dark ages of antiquity, yet the origin of these settlers is too remote to be accurately traced. It is supposed by the best informed of my neighbors, that they came over with the early settlers in the German Valley; that disliking the laborious employment of their fellow-adventurers, they withdrew themselves to a separate establishment, where they might subsist themselves by their wits and lighter occupations. They are every where manufacturers of baskets, brooms, and other wooden ware.—*Nat. Gaz.*

## MISCELLANY.

From the Token for 1834.

**The Angel of the Leaves.**

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

'ALAS! alas,' said the sorrowing tree, 'my beautiful robe is gone! It has been torn from me. Its faded pieces whirl upon the wind; they rustle beneath the squirrel's foot, as he searches for his nut. They float upon the passing stream and on the quivering lake. Wo is me! for my fair green vesture is gone. It was the gift of the angel of the leaves! I have lost it, and my glory has vanished; my beauty has disappeared; my summer hours

have passed away. My bright and comely garment, alas! it is rent in a thousand parts. Who will weave me such another? Piece by piece, it has been stripped from me. Scarcely did I sigh for the loss of one, ere another wandered off on air. The sound of music cheers me no more. The birds that sang in my bosom were dismayed at my desolation. They have flown away with their songs.'

'I stood in my pride. The sun brightened my robe with his smile. The zephyrs breathed softly through its glossy folds; the clouds strewed pearls among them. My shadow was wide upon the earth. My arms spread far upon the gentle air; my head was lifted high; my forehead was fair to the heavens. But now, how changed!—Sadness is upon me; my head is shorn, my arms are stripped: I cannot throw a shadow on the ground. Beauty has departed, gladness has gone out of my bosom; the blood has retired from my heart, it has sunk into the earth. I am thirsty, I am cold. My naked limbs shiver in the chilly air. The keen blast comes pitiless among them. The winter is coming; I am destitute. Sorrow is my portion. Mourning must wear me away. How shall I account to the angel who clothed me, for the loss of of this beautiful gift?'

The angel had been listening. In soothing accents he answered the lamentation.

'My beloved tree,' he said, 'be comforted! I am by thee still, though every leaf has forsaken thee. The voice of gladness is hushed among thy boughs, but let my whisper console thee. Thy sorrow is but for a season. Trust in me;—keep my promise in thy heart. Be patient and full of hope. Let the words I leave with thee, abide and cheer thee through the coming winter. Then I will return and clothe thee anew.

'The storm will drive over thee, the snow will sift through thy naked limbs. But these will be light and passing afflictions. The ice will weigh heavily on thy hapless arms; but it will soon dissolve in tears. It shall pass into the ground and be drunken by thy roots. Then it will creep up in secret beneath thy bark. It will spread into the branches it has opened, and help me to adorn them. For I shall be here to use it.

'Thy blood has now only retired for safety. The frost would chill and destroy it. It has gone into thy mother's bosom for her to keep it warm. Earth will not rob her offspring. She is a careful parent. She knows the wants of all her children, and forgets not to provide for the least of them.

'The sap that has for awhile gone down, will make the roots strike deeper and spread wider. It will then return to nourish thy heart. It will be renewed and strengthened. Then, if thou shalt have remembered and trusted in my promise, I will fulfill it. Buds shall shoot forth on every side of thy boughs. I will unfold for thee another robe. I will paint it and fit it in every part. It shall be a comely raiment. Thou shalt forget thy present sorrows. Sadness shall be swallowed up in joy. Now, my beloved tree, fare thee well for a season!'

The angel was gone. The muttering winter drew near. The wild blast whistled for the storm. The storm came and howled around the tree. But the word of the angel was hidden in her heart; it soothed her amid the threatenings of the tempest. The ice-cakes settled upon her limbs; they loaded and weighed them down. 'My slender



branches,' said she, 'let not this burthen overcome you. Break not beneath this heavy affliction, break not, but bend till you can spring back to your places. Let not a twig of you be lost! Hope must prop you up for a while, and the angel will reward your patience. You will move upon softer air. Grace shall be again in your motion, and beauty hanging around you!'

The scowling face of winter began to lose its features. The raging storm grew faint, and breathed its last. The restless clouds fretted themselves to storms; they scattered upon the sky and were brushed away. The sun threw down a bundle of golden arrows. They fell upon the tree; the ice-cakes glittered as they came. Every one was shattered by a shaft, and unlocked itself upon the limb. They were melted and gone.

The reign of spring had come. Her blessed ministers were abroad on the earth; they hovered in the air; they blended their beautiful tints, and cast a new created glory on the face of the heavens.

The tree was rewarded for her trust. The angel was true to the object of his love. He returned; he bestowed upon her another robe. It was bright, glossy, and unsullied. The dust of summer had never settled upon it; the scorching heat had not faded it; the moth had not profaned it. The tree stood again in loveliness; she was dressed in more than her former beauty. She was very fair; joy smiled around her on every side. The birds flew back to her bosom. They sang on every branch a hymn to the Angel of the Leaves.

### The Woodcutter's Wife.

'Some years ago,' says a foreign journal, 'the captain of a corsair carried off the wife of a poor woodcutter, residing in the neighborhood of Messina. After detaining her for several months on board his vessel he landed her on an island in the South sea, wholly regardless of what might befall her. It happened that the woman was presented to the savage monarch of the island, who became enamored of her. He made her his wife, placed her on the throne, and at his death left her sole sovereign of his dominions. By a European vessel which recently touched at the island, the poor woodcutter has received intelligence of his wife. She sent him presents of such vast value, that he will be one of the wealthiest private individuals in Sicily, until it shall please her majesty, his august spouse, to invite him to her court.'

**ANECDOTE.**—An old colored man delivering a sermon made use of the following beautiful illustration of the high state of enjoyment of the good in the other world:

'Dare my belubed bruddern, you git de good roast Goose, and dare you git de nice baked possum—gravy all runnin down—squash him tween you teeth.'—Whereupon an old koon in the congregation jumped up, shook his head, and sung out—'Whew! whew! too good! so bress my master you say dat agin, Cato go wid you mighty quick!'

A FRENCHMAN called at a federal tavern for a gill of wine, which was brought him, observed that the quantity was very small, and that it was the custom in France to bring the liquor in a measure. 'Ay,' said the landlord, 'but we don't wish to introduce those French measures here.'

## The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1834.

### Death of Lafayette.

M. P. J. R. Y. GILBERT MOTTIER LAFAYETTE, it was some time since announced by the foreign papers, died on the 20th of May last. He was born at Chavagnac in Auvergne, on the 6th of September, 1757, answering to the 17th September new style, and was consequently in his 77th year. It would be useless to attempt bringing before an American public any particular biography of this great and good man. His name is so entwined and woven amid the fabric of our history, that to be acquainted with the one, brings with it the knowledge of the other. His greatness was not that of a Napoleon nor an Alexander—but it consisted in his goodness and love of liberty throughout the whole world. He fought not for fame—he raised his arm for freedom and the oppressed in every clime. His devotion to this righteous cause has won for him a chaplet of glory that will never wither—a halo will hang around his name as long as America stands among the nations of the earth. But now he is gone, and we trust the poet's words in him are verified:—'After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.' And yet it cannot be so great a shock to our country. It was an event looked for by us all as soon to happen—As when we look upon the broad moon in the heavens, when morning's twilight is falling away, grow dimmer and yet more dim, until it is finally lost in the unbounded regions of air.

NEW-LEBANON SPRINGS.—It is a delightful tour to this spot, and in these sultry, languid months, should be visited by our citizens. There is a double incentive to urge us to it. We not only have a sip at the mineral waters, but can also feast our eyes on the beauty and cleanliness, and our hearts on the frankness and hospitality, of the *Shakers*. We would merely mention that H. Smith, the stage proprietor, now runs a daily line and after the 16th inst. will run a semi-daily line of stages to the above place, where all may receive the best accommodations and the most assiduous attention.

On account of our not giving authors sufficient time to prepare their communications, (especially those who are at a distance) when we first offered Premiums, we have not received as many articles as would be necessary to make a choice selection for the prize—and as we wish our patrons to receive an interesting portion of original matter, we think it would be advisable to postpone the delivering them over to the committee for decision at present, and extend the time to the first of November next. Therefore, all those who may wish to compete for the prizes, must prepare their communications and forward them to us previous to that time.

EDITORS with whom we exchange, and who have already published our prospectus, will confer a favor on us by making the above alteration; and also the addition which may be found in our notice of literary premiums on the last page, stipulating to furnish a copy of the Repository for the present year to every writer whose communication may be published.

### To Correspondents.

**CLEANING OF THE PIGEON HOLES.**—Some time having elapsed since our last notice to correspondents, quite a number of manuscripts have accumulated on our hands, and all which we deem suitable for our columns, will be published with this number. We have often remarked—and we now remark again, that negligence is generally the blot that causes the rejection of most articles—poetical ones especially. All writers have a prominent passion for scribbling metrical effusions, and consider every article the effect of inspiration if the lines will only jingle together; altogether forgetting that a strong conception and an elaborate style is necessary to give them their beauty. The short tale entitled 'The Accepted,' we do not like, and believe the author is capable of doing far better. The great failing is its want of originality—it deals too much in *toes, sighs, disappointments, &c.*

Caroline Candor, must excuse us for declining her article. We have not room for the correspondence which the publication of it would lead to. By the by we strongly suspect she wears breeches.

The lengthy poetical article, commencing 'Thou of the polished brow,' we think written in a very stiff style, and hardly reaching mediocrity. We have before hinted that the author succeeds far better in prose. There are numerous other articles which we cannot mention, whose defects have excluded their publication.

### Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

P. M. Derby, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. Stillwater, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. New Salem Ms. \$1.00; A. G. B. Oak Corners, N. Y. \$0.81; P. M. Greene River, N. Y. \$1.00; L. B. S. Perryville, N. Y. \$0.87; J. P. H. Albany, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Oak Hill, N. Y. \$11.66; H. G. Glen's Falls, N. Y. \$4.00; P. M. Whitingham, Vt. \$1.00; S. W. A. Falls Village, Ct. \$0.90; J. D. Esopus, N. Y. \$0.80; C. S. W. Catskill, N. Y. \$5.00; E. W. F. Saugatuck, Ct. \$1.00; E. B. Oxford, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Otego, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Manheim Center, N. Y. \$2.00; J. C. C. South Livonia, N. Y. \$1.00; C. M. Waterloo, N. Y. \$2.00; J. G. North Goshen, Ct. \$1.00; P. M. Allen's Hill, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Eagle Harbor, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Goff's Mills, N. Y. \$0.62; C. B. C. Osnabruck, U. C. \$1.00; D. B. L. Port Gibson, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Flint Creek, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Norwich, N. Y. \$1.00; E. S. T. Schenectady, N. Y. \$1.00; T. S. L. Fallsburgh, N. Y. \$1.00; E. B. W. Flint Creek, N. Y. \$1.00; D. N. M. Dutchess, N. Y. \$1.00; A. G. Transit, N. Y. \$1.00; C. S. M. Jack's Reef, N. Y. \$1.00; C. B. Oxford, Ct. \$1.00; P. M. South Salem, N. Y. \$5.00; J. H. W. Stafford, Ct. \$7.00; P. M. L. Lee, Ms. \$4.00; G. D. Redhook, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Somers, Ct. \$1.00; L. H. N. Canajoharie, N. Y. \$5.00; D. J. B. Phillipsburgh, N. Y. \$1.00; H. N. T. West Stockbridge, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Castleton, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Antwerp, N. Y. \$3.00; D. H. Farmington, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. T. Griswold, Ct. \$1.00; J. P. L. Bristol, Ct. \$1.00; W. A. New London, Ct. \$10.00; J. S. Brighton, N. Y. \$1.00; T. D. Richmond, Ms. \$4.00; O. C. Pratt's Hollow, N. Y. \$1.00; M. G. Elbridge, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Bern, N. Y. \$5.00; G. V. V. Pleasant Plains, N. Y. \$2.00; J. J. Salubria, N. Y. \$1.00; H. A. New Hartford, Ct. \$3.00; P. M. Salisbury Center, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Eddington, Me. \$6.00; P. M. Edinburg, N. Y. \$4.00; W. D. S. Fluyanna, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Mottville, N. Y. \$5.00; P. V. D. Livingston, N. Y. \$1.00; S. B. jr. Canaan Ct. \$1.00; J. B. Blooming Grove, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Mayfield, N. Y. \$1.00; T. S. G. Peck's Ville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Parma, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Boliver, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. W. Stockport, N. Y. \$1.00; M. L. & R. H. Newburg, N. Y. \$2.00.

### SUMMARY.

**SCOTTISH METHOD OF PRESERVING EGGS.**—Dip them during one or two minutes in boiling water. The white of the egg then forms a kind of membrane, which envelops the interior, and defends it from the air. This method is preferable to the varnish proposed by Reaumur.

It is stated in the Lancaster Democrat, that a child lately died in that neighborhood, in consequence of the sting of a Locust, and the Carlisle Republican mentions the report of the death of two children in that county, from a similar cause.

A new Post Office has been established at Red House, Lancaster co. Pa. called 'Red House,' and Amer Stubbs, Esq. appointed Post Master.

The cargo of the ship Ann McKim, arrived at Baltimore a few days since, from the Pacific, amounts to \$215,000, in gold, silver, copper, &c.

Last month at Paris, at a public sale of autographs, a letter of Michel Montaigne, dated 1588, and consisting of a page and a half, thirty lines, brought the sum of seven hundred francs.

It is stated as a singular fact that if a plant is drooping or dying in a hot house, it is almost sure to recover if a plant of chamomile is placed near it.

The barque Madagascar, recently cleared at Boston for Rio Janeiro with a cargo of 217 tons of Ice, being the first sent to that market.

Mr. J. Cox, late American Consul at Vera Cruz, is stated to have died recently, on his way to Mexico.



### MARRIED.

In this city, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Waterbury, Mr. Lucius B. Collins, to Miss Nancy, daughter of Mr. Thomas Brown, all of this city.

In Ancram, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. James W. Stewart of Jackson, Washington co. Mr. James Stewart, of Troy, to Miss Fanny Hoydrant, of the former place.

At Ghent, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Wyncoop, Mr. Van Ness Hoffman, to Miss Nancy Crandell, all of the above place.

On Thursday, the 19th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Rump, Mr. Henry Lanfare, to Miss Helen Witbeck, both of Coxsackie.

### DIED.

In this city, on the 23d ult. Mr. Isaac B. Gage, aged 33 years.

On the 25th ult. Georgiana, daughter of George and Catharine Smith, aged 15 months and 14 days.

On the 26th ult. Mr. Jason Fisk, of Stockport, who came into this city on Thursday, in a wagon, was kicked in the temple by the horse, and his skull badly fractured.

On the 24th inst. at Livingston, Mrs. Emma Tenbroeck, wife of Gen. Samuel Tenbroeck, in the 53rd year of her age.

At Albany, on the 14th ult. Henry Ellsworth, son of Mr. Abner Davis, aged 4 years.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

**The Rescue.**

• THE boat swung from the pebbled shore  
O'er the calm lake's trackless blue,  
One form alone it lightly bore,  
One heart to love and duty true.

His trusty blade and rifle graced  
A form that Hercules might not scorn—  
His forage cap, deck'd for the chase,  
Bespoke the hunter mountain born.

The village glimmering spires that shone  
Like silver through the forest trees,  
Had in the distance dimly grown,  
And still the frail bark wooed the breeze.

Nor paused it 'mid the deepened shade,  
Nor by the rapid's troubled foam,  
Nor where the waves in eddies play'd  
Around the moss crown'd rock and stone.

The mountain ash its foliage spread,  
And bent beneath the soft wind's play,  
Its crimson'd berries o'er his head  
Hung dripping in the scattered spray.

The cooling shade might well invite  
From the wearied hunter some delay,  
But his careless eye glanced on the sight  
Without one lingering wish to stay.

If one *was* waked, 'twas quick suppressed,  
For sterner grew the hunter's eye,  
And quicker heaved the laboring breast,  
As the light bark swept gaily by.

Ottawa's tide soon calmer grew,  
The surge was past, the torrent's roar  
Died on the ear—the light canoe  
Was moor'd along the stranded shore.

Then 'mid the fern and bladed grass,  
Up sprung a savage, whose dark eye  
Glanced fiercely as the hunter pass'd  
His unsuspected ambush by.

And with a fiendish laugh he sprung  
Athwart the forest hunter's path,  
And the calm spot in echo rung  
With clashing steel in deadly wrath.

Rage sparkled in the hunter's eye,  
The savage gave one deadly yell,  
One whoop that pass'd unanswered by,  
Then slowly tottered—gasped—and fell!

With stealthy steps and trusty blade  
The mountain hunter onward roamed,  
Nor paused till 'mid the gathering shade  
He reached the Indian's rude built home.

The savage bolts he gently drew  
With trembling hands and cautious care,  
And timid hope, for well he knew  
His Lelia was a captive there.

Once more the light canoe glides by  
The village spires o'er trembling tide,  
And nature glads the hunter's eye,  
For Lelia's by the hunter's side. C. D.

For the Rural Repository.

**The Tempest still is Swelling.**

THE hoarse wind bleakly sweeps around  
Our low and modest dwelling—  
The storm is up—in furious blasts  
The tempest still is swelling.

The night is dark—the gloom profound,  
All nature's in commotion,  
And dismal sounds are heaving up,  
Far o'er the surging ocean.

But we within our humble cot  
Our cheerful fire surrounding,  
Feel not the cold and pinching blast,  
Tho' the tempest still is sounding.

The storms may rage—the winds may blow  
Around our peaceful dwelling,  
But still our comforts do not cease,  
Tho' the tempest still is swelling.

But tho' within there's peace and calm,  
Abroad there's gloom and sorrow,  
And many a heart that's struggling now,  
Will pulseless lie to-morrow.

Yet here secure, while the raging winds  
Sweep o'er our humble dwelling,  
With grateful hearts, we sit in peace,  
Tho' the tempest's wrath is swelling.

OSMAR.

**The Bride.**

THEY brought me to another land,  
Across the ocean wide,  
To dwell with strangers, and to be  
A young and happy bride.  
They called me beautiful and fair;  
But yet I know mine eye  
Hath lost the brightness that it had  
Beneath my own sweet sky.

They wreathed too in my shining hair,  
The jewels of their race:  
I could but weep to see how ill  
They suited with my face.  
Alas! upon my altered brow,  
Their garlands flash in vain;  
My cheek is now too pale to take  
The tint of joy again.

I tread their fairy halls at night,  
And all have smiles for me;  
I meet with thrilling looks that make  
Me dream of home and thee.  
How beautiful are all things here;  
How wonderful and bright;  
The very stars appear to shed  
A softer, newer light.

But yet I feel, my heart would give  
Them all for one sweet flower,  
Pluck'd from the valleys, where my feet  
First trod in childhood's hour;  
Where I beheld the ocean flow  
So proudly by the shore;  
And saw the moonlight stream upon—  
What I shall see no more.

I lov'd, upon the dark green rock,  
To take my lonely seat;  
And watch the heaving billows throw  
The sea-weeds at my feet;  
To meet the Summer wind, and hear  
Its murmurs in the trees;  
And think thy voice was whispering me,  
With every passing breeze.

Yet sometimes, in my dreams, I view  
High ruins, lone and dark;  
And sometimes I am on the sea  
Within my own lov'd bark,  
And softly then we float along,  
Beneath the twilight star—  
Once more I see the sky I love,  
My own dear home afar.

Once more I twine around my brow,  
The little flowers so pale;  
Once more, I think my mother's voice  
Comes singing in the gale;  
And then there is a wild sweet joy,  
That thrills me in my dreams;  
Flinging its radiance on my heart,  
Like sunset's golden beams.

**Song of the Grecian Amazon.**

I BUCKLE to my slender side  
The pistol and the cimeter,  
And in my maiden flower and pride  
Am come to share the tasks of war.  
And yonder stands my fiery steed,  
That paws the ground and neighs to go.  
My charger of the Arab breed;  
I took him from the routed foe.

My mirror is the mountain spring,  
At which I dress my ruffled hair;  
My dimmed and dusky arms I bring,  
And wash away the blood stain there.  
Why should I guard from wind and sun  
This cheek, whose virgin rose has fled,  
It was for one—oh, only one—  
I kept its bloom, and he is dead.

But they who slew him, unaware  
Of coward murderers lurking nigh,  
And left him to the fowls of air,  
Are yet alive and they must die.  
They slew him—and my virgin years  
Are vowed to Greece and vengeance now;  
And many an Othman dame, in tears  
Shall rue the Grecian maiden's vow.

I touched the lute in bitter days,  
I led in dance the joyous band;  
Ah! they may move to mirthful lays  
Whose hand can touch a lovers hand.  
The march of hosts that haste to meet,  
Seem gayer than the dance to me;  
The lute's sweet tones are not so sweet  
As the fierce shout of victory.

**LITERARY PREMIUMS.**

The publisher of the Rural Repository, desirous of presenting his readers with superior original matter, and of encouraging literary talent, offers the following premiums, which he flatters himself may be considered worthy of notice by some of the writers of the day.

For the best ORIGINAL TALE (to occupy not less than three pages of the Repository) \$20.

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Communications intended for the prizes must be directed to William B. Stoddard, Hudson, N. Y. and forwarded by the first of November next—each enclosing a sealed envelope of the name and residence of the writer. The merits of the pieces will be determined by a Committee of Literary Gentlemen selected for the purpose and will, after being decided upon, be considered the property of the publisher.

N. B. In addition to what was formerly offered, the author of every piece that is published will be entitled to a copy of the present volume.

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